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Why the Pastor Left Sargon.

A TRUE STORY.

(I. R. E. Land, in the Chicago 'Standard.')

Chapter I.—The Graduation.

On a beautiful morning in May, 189—, Alfred Ralston sat in his room in ——— Theological Seminary, looking out upon the world. Everything was bright and inviting. The glad radiance of spring rested on the face of nature and the well-kept seminary grounds made a lovely picture in the morning sunshine.

'Bright, bright,' exclaimed the young man, rising as he spoke, 'all is bright and beautiful.' And in his eager restlessness he paced the room.

Alfred Ralston was one of the members of the graduating class, and the class graduated that evening. He was among the leading men of his class, rather tall and slender, but well built, with intellectual face, giving one the appearance of reserve strength, physically and mentally. His face was flushed and his eyes sparkled with suppressed excitement. Had not the long-wished-for day arrived; the day toward which all his years of training pointed? Was he not to graduate to-night? Was not his ardent ambition to preach the gospel of Christ about to be realized? Yes, his seminary days were past and work—active work, was now before him. The thought was exhilarating to him.

That morning he went over his past years of training. He remembered when he had first thought of the ministry, how far it seemed above him. He remembered his high hopes at entering college, and how delightful the acquisition of knowledge had been to him. But side by side with that increase of knowledge had grown in his heart an unrest, at times almost painful. He was a sincere Christian, true as steel, loyal to Christ with an intense devotion.

He had hoped to find the seminary a haven of rest, but in that he had been disappointed. His three years there had been blessed years of instruction. The professors were men of piety and learning. They had shown an especial interest in him which he appreciated, but—well, he didn't know himself what it was, but there was still in his soul a hunger. Action, he felt, would at last quiet his restless, hungry heart—active work for God. He was one of the speakers at the graduation exercises, and many long remembered his earnest address on the 'Religious Problem of Our Day.' That night his old life closed behind him.

CHAPTER II.—Taking up the Work.

A few weeks before his graduation Mr. Ralston had received a call from a church in Sargon, a small church in Iowa, and he had accepted it. Accordingly the day after his graduation, he and his young wife (for he had married before his graduation) were speeding westward. Arrived at



DOWN BY THE SHORE.

Down by the shore at morning
Wearily moans the sea;
The brown wrack clings to the bare grey
rocks,

And the wind sighs drearily.
The mist creeps over the waters
From windward on to the lee,
Wrapping the ships in its cold embrace
Sadly and silently.

Down by the shore at evening
The mists are rolling away
In long white wreaths, on the solemn hills
That shelter the lonely bay.
Bright with a rare effulgence,

The golden clouds are furled,
And the faint blue peaks o'er the distant
sea
Seem the dream of another world.

Down by the sea of sorrow
The mists lay cold and grey,
And never a glimpse of the gracious sun
Broke through the gloom that day.
But the clouds were rolled together,
Just ere the daylight died,
And we saw the land of Beulah smile
In the light of eventide.

—J. M. Dunmore.

Sargon, they found the people very enthusiastic. One evening shortly after their arrival a 'surprise party' came to the parsonage and each brought a present. Young Ralston looked forward to his work with joy.

'Esther,' he said to his wife, one day, 'I hope I shall be able to fulfil the hopes of this congregation, for they are devoted to us.'

Alas, he did not know that he was the fourth minister this congregation had had in six years, and that on their first arrival all had been thus received.

However, deeply in earnest himself, he began preaching and sought to make himself an able minister of God's word. He was a fluent speaker, and used simple, plain language, so he gained the approbation of his listeners at once. Many were the compliments he received on his preaching. But these compliments troubled him. No one thanked him because he had made any truth plainer, or helped them, but they said, 'they enjoyed his sermon very much.' He noticed, too, that when he went into any careful exposition of a scripture passage, the congregation lost interest and seemed to think he was boring them.

Another thing which he could not understand was his prayer-meeting. None of his officers came, except one of the

younger men; none of the deacons came; none of his country people came. Happening down town one evening late he saw several of his country members together, and in talking they said they were at lodge, that they had a meeting once a week. He asked himself why it was they did not ever come to prayer-meeting.

Another thing that troubled him was that when he made his calls his members seemed to avoid the subject of religion. They would talk and visit on everything, but if he began to talk of Jesus or the Bible, they had little to say. He soon found out that most of the people remembered little or nothing of the sermons on which he had expended so much toil. Altogether after three months in Sargon he found so much that was the very opposite from what he had expected that his old enemy—heart-hunger—came back. But it was a different kind of hunger now. He was not hungry now for more truth for himself, but hungry to find souls ready to learn the truths he felt himself able to teach.

Chapter III.—Misgivings.

'Is Mr. Ralston in?' eagerly enquired an aged lady one day at the parsonage. She had come in haste to get him to visit her son, who had been very sick for some

weeks. He was the village doctor, a middle-aged man, who had always led an irreligious life. Mr. Ralston had tried to talk with him often, but he looked on all Christians as hypocrites, and said he knew they were.

However, this morning, his mother came, asking the minister to go at once, as her son wanted to see him. Glad of the opportunity, Mr. Ralston put his Bible into his pocket and started at once. On the way, the doctor's mother told him how her son was terribly distressed about his relation to his God. Arrived at the house, the minister was startled to see how great a change had come over the doctor since he saw him last. Poor man. At the last moment he began to seek for the light he had despised all his life. After a passage of Scripture had been read, and a prayer offered, the sick man prayed himself. What a prayer it was! How intense! How awful in its intensity! As never before Ralston saw what good news the message of Jesus was. Yet men despised it, and even the church seemed to have lost the real gospel. As he went away from the dying physician's home, the minister of Sargon determined to awake his church.

He had a sermon partly prepared for next Sabbath, but he began anew. He took for his text 'The kingdom of God is at hand. Repent and believe the gospel.' With all the burning zeal of a Baxter he preached 'as a dying man to dying men.' He called on the people to repent of sin. He boldly denounced the sins of the community. He preached the coming judgment, and then in glowing terms appealed to them to receive the gospel anew and live for God.

At first the congregation listened complacently, but as the burning words of the earnest preacher showed that he was in downright earnest, a strange feeling ran through the audience. Sargon was surprised. No minister had ever preached to them like that before. Sargon was angry. What right had this man to speak to them such a message of authority. They had 'hired' him to preach for them, not to denounce their sins.

At the conclusion of the services the majority of them shook his hand coldly at the door. A few (oh, how few) gave him a look of gratitude, as they pressed his hand, and he noticed a tear in their eyes. He felt his sermon was not altogether in vain.

Next morning the senior deacon called at the parsonage. After a few commonplace remarks he began: 'Mr. Ralston, your sermon yesterday has displeased some of our best members.' 'I am sorry to hear it,' he replied, 'I only preached the gospel.' 'Well,' said the deacon shortly, 'that sort of preaching won't do here,' and he gruffly took his departure.

That very morning Ralston received an earnest invitation from a friend to visit him and stay over the Sabbath. He decided to go, and at prayer-meeting (which was smaller even than usual) he announced he would be away the next Sabbath. The journey soothed him, and once Sargon was out of his mind, his spirits rose. His visit was a real tonic, and when asked to preach that Sabbath in the church which his friend attended, he preached with a freedom and joy that was new to him in the pulpit. The next week he returned to Sargon.

Chapter IV.—A New Field.

For some unaccountable reason, as the pastor of Sargon stepped off the train on his return from his visit, his spirits sank. As far as the work was concerned in that place, he seemed to have lost all ambition. He could not at first understand it himself, for he was no coward. It made no real difference to him whether Sargon was a difficult field or not. He wanted a place in the front line of battle. But as he contrasted his feelings when at his friend's church with his feelings in Sargon, slowly the truth dawned upon him.

The reason why his work was powerless and dispiriting in Sargon was—not that sin had more power there than elsewhere—but because the church at Sargon was at heart apostate. He went over his members one by one, and at last he was compelled to confess that the truly regenerated among them were so inconsiderable that the whole church was nothing but a sham. He felt that if he wanted to do anything for God's kingdom in Sargon he must have (to begin with) some foundation, and his church there was a false foundation. It was not real. The deep, far-reaching life-controlling spiritual truths of the gospel were utterly unknown to the great majority of the members. That was why they did not understand him or appreciate Bible truths. And he saw clearly that this unregenerated church was an insurmountable barrier between himself and the world outside the church, which he utterly failed to reach.

Having come to these conclusions, Ralston at once formed his resolution. He knew that if he ever did any real good in Sargon he must first destroy the existing church organization, and reorganize it on a true basis. But this he felt altogether both unqualified and unable to do. There was but one manly course for him—to resign his ministry at Sargon—and this he resolutely determined to do.

He was in his study, and calling his wife he told her the situation. She listened intently, for she loved and honored her husband, but when he spoke of leaving Sargon so soon, tears came into her eyes. She had just got the parsonage beautifully arranged. Everything was so comfortable. Where would they go? 'Alfred,' she said at last, 'I never expected this. You are right, I know, but what can we do?'

The young pastor paused. He had not thought of this. He some way had left all such things out of account. Their parsonage was a lovely home with beautifully shaded grounds. It was cruel to ask his girl-wife to tear up everything and move, just as she felt settled. He began to waver. But he remembered Christ's words: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' He took his wife's hand, and looking into her eyes, said: 'Esther, dear, trust me. God will provide.' She wiped away her tears, kissed him, and went down to her work. In a little while he heard her singing softly:

'All for Jesus I surrender, I surrender all.'

From that hour Alfred Ralston had a new feeling of devotion and love for his wife. He never forgot her beautiful act of self-sacrifice.

Just a few days later he received a let-

ter from the friend he had visited. It told him that the pastor of the church there had been called to another place and the people every one wanted Alfred Ralston as their pastor. He was overwhelmed. His friend had told him what a true church it was. He remembered his experience there. All was settled and in a short time the change was made.

Sargon was surly when Mr. Ralston left, but his way was plain, and now he joyfully and successfully ministers among a true people who know God and love his word.

The Everlasting Collection.

('Morning Star.')

The following extract from the 'Missionsblatt' for September, 1901, is dedicated to the dear brethren who are always finding fault with the frequent calls that are made for money to sustain the missionary enterprises of the church.

In a circle of earnest Christian men the conversation turned to 'the everlasting collection.' One remarked: 'It has become intolerable these last years; formerly it was not so.' 'You are right, formerly it was different,' answered the oldest of the party. 'Yes,' continued the first speaker, 'don't you think there is a risk of bending the bow too far?' With flashing eye the old man looked round and said in reply: 'I can only say that we ought to get down on our knees and thank God for the many collections. From time to time I cross the churchyard and walk past the long rows of the departed. No one there begs from me or makes any appeal. No, the dead don't prefer any requests. Thereafter I come to the village, to the living. At the laborer's humble cottage the mother has just arrived with a basket of provisions. How delighted are the youngsters! 'Mother, is it dinner time?' 'A roll to me!' 'And one to me!' they shouted. And one small fellow creeps on all fours and holds out his hand for something. The sore-tormented mother seemed rather to rejoice in the healthy appetites of her children, and hands to each its portion with gladness on her face.' 'Now then for the application of your tale,' asked one of the gentlemen. 'It is obvious,' continued the speaker. 'It is true that formerly there were fewer collections. I remember those days well, the days of cold rationalism. We then went round about among the churches as among the graves and the dead. There were no collections in them, for there was no life there. There was no stretching forth of the helping hand. Do you want those days back? Nowadays it is different,—collection after collection. Is it a bad sign? No, no! God has breathed life into the dry bones, and quickened a sense of the thousand-fold needs of the church. Now there is begging and the clamor of appeals on all sides. The hungry children cry to the mother for bread. Now there is life, a life that awakens hunger and thirst, a life quickened by God. Therefore ought we to thank him on bended knee for "the everlasting collection."'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The White Light of Truth.

(Hope Daring, in 'Wellspring'.)

'Let me repeat what I have said: No life can be pure and upright, no life can be a worthy one, unless it is illumined by the white light of truth. This includes sincerity of thought and action as well as that of speech.'

The Reverend Joseph Lancaster looked benignly down upon his hearers. His eyes met and, for a single instant, held the gaze of Lois Wheeler. The pink flush on the girl's cheeks deepened in hue.

'Of course that is true,' she said to herself. 'I want my life to be a worthy one and—more.'

By that time the pink flush had burned to crimson. Lois's breath came a little faster.

'Why, to be sure, I am truthful.' She was still communing with herself, so her resentfulness might be pardoned. 'I wouldn't speak a falsehood for anything. No one can accuse me of lying, even if I do exaggerate a little.'

Lois frowned and fixed her eyes on the red and golden leaves of the maple bough that touched the window near which she sat. She tried to think of something besides her pastor's words. At last she succeeded in fixing her mind on her soon-coming departure for school at Glasner. She lost the rest of the sermon, but preferred that to thinking of what she had already heard.

Three days later, Lois was making her farewell round of family calls. On the morrow she would start for the Glasner Private School. The last place on her list was a modest cottage on a side street. Her knock was answered by a plump, middle-aged woman.

'Good afternoon, Cousin Maria. Yes, I'll come in just a minute. You know I start in the morning, and I ran in to say good-bye to you.'

Miss Maria Wheeler pushed forward a chair. 'Set down. Here's Cousin Julia. There hain't any fire in the other part of the house, so I have to entertain callers here, even young ladies who air goin' away to school.'

Lois was annoyed by the words. Before taking the designated chair, she went forward to shake hands with Mrs. Julia Lane. That person frowned disapprovingly upon her young relative and began to ask many questions about Glasner.

It was a subject upon which Lois liked to dwell. Her girlish enthusiasm proved contagious so far as Miss Maria's rather weak nature was concerned, but Mrs. Lane's frown deepened.

'I never did believe in girls going away to school,' she said. 'None of the Wheelers ever went, and this is an idea of your mother's. Now, I'm not saying a word against Margaret Landis Wheeler.'

'I understand that,' and the head of Margaret Landis Wheeler's daughter was held proudly erect. 'No one can say a word against my mother.'

'Your mother is a proper good woman. I hope you've inherited her good sense, long with her hazel eyes and flaxen hair. One thing, Lois: Do be careful what you say at that school. You're such a hand to stretch things.'

'Why, Cousin Julia, what do you mean? Do you think I do not tell the truth?'

'You tell the truth and more, too. You know what I mean, Lois. You made a good story out of my falling in the mud that time, but how much real truth was there in what you told?'

Lois bit her under lip. 'Why, you did fall. Of course, I told it so as to make a good story; I am one of the few persons who do not care to tell a poor one. You do not seem to understand that certain little picturesque touches of fancy are not falsehood.'

'I understand when they are and when they are not,' was Mrs. Lane's uncompromising retort. 'There hain't no use of your being provoked. I'm only warning you that your habit of exaggerating may lead you into serious trouble. Like's not you'll grow up to be a writer of novels, if you're not careful.'

The girl fixed her gaze on the prim hair-cloth-covered sofa opposite and swallowed twice. She dared not trust her voice. Cousin Maria spoke, thus giving Lois another minute's respite.

'We mean it for your good, of course we do. But don't let's talk 'bout it any more. Can't you stay to supper, Lois? We're goin' to have baked apples and cream toast.'

Lois declined the invitation with icy politeness. Five minutes later, she had said good-bye and was gone.

Miss Wheeler turned to Julia Lane.

'I don't see how you dared do it, Julia. It was gospel truth you told her, though. She will make a cute story out of 'most nothin'.'

Mrs. Lane tossed her head. 'I never yet was afraid to do my duty. Lois does stretch the truth, and you and me know, Maria, to our shame, that the Wheelers have need to be careful.'

The spinster's florid face grew a shade redder. 'I s'pose you mean Second-cousin Samuel, but he belonged to another branch of the family.'

'Yes, but he was a Wheeler. I am as proud of the family as anybody, but you and me know—though I don't s'pose Lois does—that our second cousin, Samuel Wheeler, was took up for perjury twenty-seven year ago.'

A minute's silence followed. Then Miss Wheeler rose.

'I'm sure the baked apples air done. You know, Julia, it never did take them Pumpkin Sweets long to bake. You excuse me while I make the toast. No, I'll not put myself to a mite of trouble.'

In the meantime, Lois was hurrying homeward, her head well thrown back, and her heart full of resentment.

'I am glad that by this time to-morrow I'll be far away from this poky village,' she thought. 'Here everybody knows everybody's business and meddles with it. It was so unkind in Cousin Julia! She doesn't understand, and I could not explain—not to her.'

Lois walked rapidly. She ascended the slope upon the summit of which stood her home. The girl looked at the rambling white house with its wide verandas and vine-draped wall.

Something rose in her throat. To-morrow she would be far away from what she called 'this poky village,' and also far

away from the love-blessed home life that had always been hers.

Opening the hall door softly, Lois called, 'Motherdie.'

There was no response. After a hasty glance round, she murmured:

'Oh, I remember! Mother was going to the missionary meeting.'

Lois went up to her own pleasant room. There she sat down.

'Now I'll have it out with myself,' she said, with what her mother called 'the Wheeler air.'

She did exaggerate. Lois admitted that. It was not done maliciously or with evil intent. To herself the girl said it was 'for the picturesque effect.'

'It's just this way: I can neither play nor sing, not well enough so people care to hear me. Reciting is not my forte, and I am not witty, but people say I can tell a story well. It's just for the story that they listen, and I've as a good a right to make it sound well as a novelist has.'

She knew that last was a lame plea. In vain she tried to forget the difference between telling a true story in such a way as to convey a false impression and writing a bit of lifelike fiction. A faint smile curved her lips when she recalled Cousin Julia's fear lest she should come to be a writer.

'The poor soul never dreamed that to do so would be to realize my dearest day-dream,' she said, unconsciously speaking aloud.

Lois sat there until she heard her mother's step below. She arose, saying:

'I do exaggerate a little. It's not wrong, but it's not what Mr. Lancaster calls "the white light of truth." I will be careful what I say at Glasner.'

The first month Lois was at Glasner, she was careful. However, she wanted to be popular, and it seemed as if every other girl had some accomplishment or grace. Gradually Lois began to practice her gift of story-telling.

'O you witch!' Isabelle Foster cried one afternoon, when the girls were walking. 'I would have said, "I met a funny-looking man," but you have taken fifteen minutes to tell about him, and your description is as good as one of Mark Twain's lectures.'

Lois caught her breath, remembering her cousin's plain words. Half of this story had been pure invention.

'I meant no harm,' she told herself. 'Why, it is my duty to be entertaining and win friends.'

The holiday vacation was only two weeks distant, when, one stormy evening, the matron gave Lois and Isabelle permission to visit Linda Grant and Faye DeVerge.

The room occupied by those girls contained many articles of beauty and value, for both had wealthy parents. Lois leaned back among the down cushions of the pretty corner seat, at peace with all the world.

After a little, Faye took her place at the oak table on which stood a pot of steaming chocolate, a plate of crisp wafers, and a wicker basket heaped with oranges. Linda served the guests, and the girls waxed merry over the impromptu feast.

After the cups and plates were put aside, Faye brought out her banjo. Soon Isabelle and Linda were singing snatches

of college songs and gay choruses. Lois enjoyed it at first. After a time a feeling of dissatisfaction crept into her heart. She was on the outside; the gayety and fun were complete without her.

The music was occasionally hushed for merry conversation. It was at one of these times that the name of Ruth Bates was mentioned.

'I invited her here this evening, and she seemed so pleased,' warm-hearted Linda said. 'Her cold was so bad, though, that Mrs. Tripp thought it best for her not to come. Ruth is a dear little thing, but so timid. You must cultivate her, girls.'

Faye's lip curled. 'A girl who runs errands and dusts to help pay her tuition! I don't admire your taste.'

Faye was a leader among the girls, and it was a minute before Lois spoke.

'That ought not to make any difference, but Ruth is so strange and awkward. Did I tell you about the day I found her dusting Mrs. Tripp's office? She reminded me of a comic valentine.'

Laying her banjo on the floor, Faye reached for a cushion embroidered in a design of silver-green hop vines and leaves. This she placed behind her head as she said:

'Tell us all about it, dear. I am sure you can tell a good story, even with Ruth Bates as heroine.'

Lois made a good story out of what was in reality a very small matter. Ruth was sensitive regarding her work, and had been much disturbed when Lois found her arrayed in big apron and dusting cap. To the question as to the matron's whereabouts, Ruth had given a confused and amusing reply. At the same time, she had knocked a tray of pens and pencils from the desk. Fortunately, nothing was broken, but, in her excitement, the girl had continued to look for Mrs. Tripp's gold pen and to exclaim, 'Where can it be?' when she was holding it in her left hand.

The girls laughed. Their merriment was not so much because of the incident as because of Lois's dramatic presentation of it, her gestures, and imitations of the looks and acts of the embarrassed Ruth.

'I am glad she did not come to-night,' Faye declared. 'There are too many valuable things lying round. I've noticed that persons of that class are more likely to lose gold pens than steel ones.'

Isabelle turned a little sharply upon her friend. 'Don't say that. It sounds as if you thought Ruth was—well, not honest.'

'I have not thought anything about it.'

Isabelle opened her lips for an angry retort. Then she closed them, remembering that she was the other's guest. The little clock struck ten, and Isabelle sprang up.

'We promised Mrs. Tripp we would not stay late. Come on, Lois. Girls, we have had a jolly time.'

One morning a week later, Lois was returning from doing some errands in the town. Doctor Taylor, the superintendent of the school, overtook her on the bridge that spanned the river. He accommodated his pace to hers.

'Is it not a beautiful morning?' she asked. 'Just six days, and then—home.'

He smiled at the delight expressed in her voice. They stopped and stood looking up the river. The air was cold, and the bare earth was frozen. The edges of

the swiftly-flowing stream were bordered with ice that glittered in the sunlight, but the current still moved rapidly, crossing suburban streets and a stretch of level fields which were shut in by a range of low hills.

Lois glanced up at her companion's face and was surprised to see that it had grown hard and cold.

'What is it, Doctor Taylor?'

'Miss Wheeler, when I was returning from town last night, at ten o'clock, I found one of our girl students here upon this bridge. It was as much her unnatural manner as the fact that her presence was in defiance of the rules of the school that led me to address her. Thank God that I did so! She is no older than you are, Miss Wheeler, and is motherless. A terrible accusation had been brought against her. She was frightened, and confessed that she had come to the bridge, intending to throw herself into the river.'

'Doctor Taylor!' In her excitement, Lois caught the arm of the superintendent. 'One of our girls! It does not seem possible!'

He looked keenly at her. Had he been mistaken in trusting this girl? He would see.

'The girl was Ruth Bates. Faye DeVerge has lost an opal ring and accused Ruth, who, in the illness of the chambermaid, had dusted Miss DeVerge's room, of stealing the same. In the interview between the two girls, Miss DeVerge declared you knew that Ruth was a thief.'

'I Why, I—'

Lois stopped. She remembered the conversation of a week before. She had never said or thought that Ruth was a thief, but she had magnified beyond belief the thing she had told.

The girl grew faint. 'The white light of truth.' Her pastor's words seemed sounding in her ears.

Then she forgot self in trying to put herself in Ruth's place. Terrified and threatened with arrest, with no mother arms for a refuge, that timid girl had so far lost control of herself as to think of taking her own God-given life. Lois shuddered as she heard the rushing of the cold water below her.

'Don't tell me any more!' she interrupted Doctor Taylor to cry. 'Let me think.'

Doctor Taylor held his peace. He understood that the slender girl at his side was waging the battle of her life.

Lois was fighting that worst of all foes—self. She won. It was a pale, shame-stricken face that was lifted to Doctor Taylor, but it was a determined one.

'You say Faye and Ruth were to meet you at your office. Let us go to them at once. Please be patient, Doctor Taylor. I am to blame, and I will tell the whole story, but I cannot tell it twice.'

One more searching look, and Doctor Taylor knew he had not trusted Lois in vain.

Ten minutes later, Ruth and Faye entered the superintendent's office. The face of the former was swollen with crying. Faye looked in bewilderment from one to the other. When Doctor Taylor spoke of her loss, she colored.

'Oh, I found the ring last night. You see, I had locked it in my dressing case and forgotten it.'

Ruth gave a faint scream. 'You found it, and you did not tell me!'

'Tell you! Why, of course, you know you did not take it.'

Before Doctor Taylor could speak, Lois had turned to Ruth.

'You poor child! You can never forgive me, for I am to blame.'

She told the entire story, sparing herself nothing. Even Faye's indifference vanished when she learned how her accusation had frightened Ruth.

Lois's repentance was sincere. She insisted on confessing before the school, but as no one knew of the circumstance, Doctor Taylor would not allow her to do so. Again and again Ruth assured Lois of her forgiveness.

'I have had my lesson.' Lois's lips quivered. 'Never again will I exaggerate!'

She kept her word. The minute when she learned what her habit had cost another girl had shown Lois what the white light of truth meant.

Ruth and Lois became fast friends. Lois helped the other to rise above her sensitiveness, and the worker grew light-hearted and happy.

At the beginning of the next school year, Lois once more made her farewell round of family calls. That time she found Cousin Julia in her own neat kitchen, busy with her fall preserving.

'Do you know, Lois,' Mrs. Lane began, all the time stirring a kettleful of grape marmalade, 'I'm not so set against girls going away to school as I was. They have done you good over there to Glasner. I'm not a bit worried now 'bout your making a big story out of a little one. I've come to see that a Wheeler can always be trusted.'

'Thank you, Cousin Julia. I have learned the difference between truth and exaggeration.'

Too Late.

A young fellow once left home for Bombay, and spent a frivolous, careless life. Hard times overtook him, and he wrote home for a remittance. At last a letter came, but he found no enclosure in it, and so would not trouble to read it, but cast it petulantly aside. Time wore on and he was laid low by malarial fever, and he asked a comrade to find and read to him the neglected letter, as he was too weak to do so himself. The letter ran thus:—The father was longing for him to come home, as he had bought him a business; and if he would present himself at a certain bank in Bombay the necessary passage money would be provided. It was now too late—he was dying. I imagine his vexation, his disappointment, his grief.

And so many treat their Heavenly Father's loving letter, the Bible, and the opportunity of entering upon a new and better life which is held out to them in Christ, until it is too late.—The Rev. F. Binns Sidney.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Lloyd's Way.

(Marion Brier, in 'Michigan Advocate.)

'Well, what do you think of the place, Vera?' Bruce Russell smiled down into his wife's face as he asked the question, but there was an anxious look in his eyes.

'Oh, I've quite fallen in love with it,' returned Vera brightly. 'It seems so quiet and cool here after living in a hot, noisy city all one's life. Do you know, I always thought I should like to live in a little village; and now I've got my wish at last.'

'But you are sure you won't get lonesome, dear? Everything will be very different from what you have been accustomed to all your life. You have always been surrounded by hosts of friends, you know.'

'Now don't you worry your head about me, you dear old boy you,' laughed Vera. 'Lloyd and I shall be too busy to get lonesome, won't we, sweetheart?' she exclaimed, lifting a bright-faced, sunny-haired little boy into her lap. 'And besides,' she went on, 'I expect to get acquainted with all these people here very soon and have as many friends as I had at home in a few weeks.'

'You're a wife to be proud of, little woman!' exclaimed Bruce. 'It isn't every wife that would leave the city and move to a little place like this so uncomplainingly. Well, I must get back to business now, I suppose,' he concluded, taking up his hat and stooping to kiss Vera and the boy.

He stopped at the gate to wave a farewell to the two happy faces framed in the window, then hurried on down the street.

This was Bruce and Vera Russell's first experience of life in a small village. Both had always lived in the city until the previous week. But Bruce had not been satisfied with the salary he was able to command there, and he determined to try business for himself in some small town. So when the opportunity came to buy out a dry-goods store in the village of Dyersville, he made the bargain, and a week later he and Vera were getting settled in their new home.

When they had been living in Dyersville some four or five months, it occurred to Bruce that Vera's face was sometimes clouded and that her laugh had a forced sound.

'What is it, little wife?' he said one evening, drawing her down to a seat on the broad arm of his chair. 'Are you getting lonesome for city sights and sounds? Are you disappointed in our home here, dear?' he asked tenderly.

Vera did not answer for a moment. Then she laughed a little. 'I am disappointed in my neighbors here, Bruce,' she said. 'Why, you have no idea what a place it is for gossip, and such ill-natured gossip, too. Old Mrs. Whitney was in this afternoon and actually, Bruce, she said something unpleasant about half the people in town before she left. It seems there has been a neighborhood quarrel here for years, and she entertained me with the whole story. She is very bitter over it. Everyone who comes here is expected to take sides and help on the battle. You may try as hard as you can, but you will find yourself mixed up in it; for no matter who you call on or speak to the opposite side will take you to task for it.'

'Mrs. Murray was in here yesterday,'

she went on, 'and she gave me the other side of the story. She is just as bitter as Mrs. Whitney; she can see no good in anything or anybody on the opposite side. You should have heard how sarcastically she spoke of that little musicale that was given last week. You see it was gotten up by the other faction. Oh, it's simply disgusting. And then I feel as if they were criticizing me all the time, too.'

'But I didn't mean to bother you with all this, you poor old boy you,' she concluded contritely, running her fingers caressingly through Bruce's bushy dark hair.

Bruce looked sober. 'Now see here, Vera,' he said, anxiously. 'You are not going to be unhappy here. If it isn't pleasant for you, I'll sell out to-morrow and we'll go back home.'

But Vera laughed. 'Oh, you foolish boy!' she exclaimed. 'When you are doing so well. Haven't I got you and Lloyd, and aren't you company enough for me, I'd like to know? I can get along quite nicely without these people and their dreadful quarrels. Some day when we have made our fortune we will go back.'

So as the days went by Vera withdrew more and more from the society about them and spent her spare time with her books and music, or in amusing and teaching little Lloyd. Her neighbors voted her 'proud' and 'stuck up' and soon ceased going there. She often found the days rather long, for she was naturally a sociable little woman. 'But I won't listen to their quarrels,' she declared emphatically.

But Lloyd went here and there and everywhere among them all, and was soon a great favorite. He was a loving, sunny-hearted little fellow and he took their hearts by storm. There was not a house or a store or a shop in the town where he was not welcome.

One day, about a year after they had settled in the village, Bruce sat by his desk at the store when little Tommy Wyman burst excitedly through the door, exclaiming, 'Lloyd's fell off the barn and he's hurt awfully!'

Bruce sprang up with a white face and, hastily despatching one of the clerks for a doctor, he rushed home.

He found Lloyd lying on the bed where Vera had placed him, very white and still. The doctor arrived in a few minutes and, after a careful examination, he shook his head gravely. 'Both legs are broken,' he said. 'The right one is only a simple fracture and there will be no trouble from that; but the other one is a bad compound fracture and may prove troublesome. But if we can keep him perfectly quiet for a few weeks, it will come out all right.'

Lloyd was a very brave little boy while the broken bones were being set, and bore the dreadful pain like a little hero; but Vera knew that it would be very hard for the active little fellow to lie there quietly through the long, weary days.

'Now, Vera,' Bruce said the next morning at the breakfast table, 'I don't want you to worry about the work at all. I've sent all through the country after a girl, but there doesn't seem to be such an article in this part of the state; so I'll turn Bridget half of the time. I'll wash all of these dishes up now and you go and sit with Lloyd.'

Just then a light knock sounded at the door and Mrs. Whitney appeared wearing a great, checked dish-apron. 'Now,' she

said, taking off her hat and hanging it on a nail, 'I know you've got your hands full, and I'm just going to do up the work this morning. Don't you say a word,' she went on as Vera tried to remonstrate. 'You go and take care of that precious boy and I'll see to this kitchen.'

So Vera gladly yielded and went into the little bedroom where Lloyd lay. He was restless and it was over an hour before she found time to return to the kitchen for a moment. The room was in the best of order, and Mrs. Whitney had disappeared. On the table in a covered dish that she recognized as Mrs. Murray's was a delicious looking pudding, and beside it a glass of jelly, evidently for Lloyd.

These evidences of sympathetic neighborliness brought a warm glow to Vera's heart. She noted with a quiet smile that it was the leaders of the two opposing factions whose kindly ministrations had met in her kitchen.

At eleven o'clock Mamie Whitney, a bright-faced girl who was her mother's faithful second in vigorously opposing all plans that originated in the enemy's camp, appeared at the door and begged to be allowed to get dinner. 'Please let me, Mrs. Russell,' she said, laughingly. 'I'd love to. Mamma never will let me cook at home, and I'm sure that I have lots of talent in that direction if I only had a chance to show it. So I want you to let me get all your meals for a week and wash all the dishes.'

Vera kissed her impulsively. 'You dear girl,' she exclaimed, 'you are a friend in time of need, surely. Lloyd is so restless I can only leave him for a few minutes at a time, and we had made up our minds to live on crackers and cheese.'

She spent a few minutes showing Mamie where things were. 'Here is a dessert all ready,' she said, after she had directed her to the potato-bin and pointed out the bread-box, the butter jar, the pickle jars and all the other necessary articles. 'See what a lovely pudding Mrs. Murray sent in. Doesn't it look delicious?'

Mamie's lip half curled, and she seemed about to say something sarcastic, but she evidently thought better of it. 'It does look nice,' she said heartily. 'Mrs. Murray is a real good cook.'

The days passed on. Very slowly they passed to little Lloyd lying there through the long hours, but everyone in the village seemed bent on making them pass as pleasantly as possible. As soon as he was well enough to be amused, one and another would come in to sit with him for an hour. Sometimes it would be one of the young ladies who would read little stories to him or show him picture-books; or one of the young men would come in and tell him dramatic bear stories, while he fed him luscious oranges and grapes. Often it was one of the ladies, bringing flowers or games, or dainties to tempt his appetite. Again it was one of the men into whose store or office Lloyd's sturdy little figure and sunny curls had often found their way.

Vera was surprised to find how much they all loved the boy. Of course it was inevitable that the members of the opposing factions should often accidentally meet there. At first when this happened they were inclined either to be embarrassed or to coolly ignore one another. But Lloyd was so innocently unconscious of any un-

pleasantness, and so sweetly insisted upon drawing them all into the conversation, that they always thawed in the sunny atmosphere.

Vera smiled one day to see Mrs. Whitney and Mrs. Murray with their heads close together, trying to help him make out a puzzle.

'Bruce,' she said one night, 'I never knew the people here after all. They are like chestnuts with the prickly burr outside, and that is what I judged them by; but the heart of the nut is sound and sweet. I shall always love them for what they have done for Lloyd, no matter how prickly the burrs may grow again.'

'Indeed we shall,' Bruce responded heartily. Then he went on thoughtfully, 'I don't imagine we would ever criticise our neighbors so much if we could see the kindness that is hidden in their hearts waiting for some sorrow or misfortune to bring it out.'

'I don't know,' said Vera, musingly; 'I believe it is love that brings it out. Little Lloyd does love everyone so dearly and takes it for granted that they are everything that is good and kind and noble, and he seems to always draw out the good that is in their natures. He has taught me a lesson, anyway,' she went on; 'and I shall not shut myself out of my neighbors' lives again even if they don't quite please me; I shall know that their better nature is hidden there somewhere under the prickly burr.'

The Nazarenes Pick Him Up.

The first hospital for women in Morocco is only a year or two old. Superstition and etiquette combined to make medical work amongst Morocco women (Mohammedans) exceedingly difficult before the hospital was established. A lady doctor, a missionary, went about amongst the women in their homes doing what was possible to relieve their ailments, and to tell her great message of hope for women, where she could get a hearing. She wanted one day to apply a mustard blister to a sick Moorish lady. They gave her a basin in which to mix the mustard, but she could not use a spoon, as the Moor refused to allow her to apply to the body of the patient that which she would not touch with her own fingers. A blistered hand was the result. Worse still, medicines could not be taken unless the doctor herself took a dose of each! Yet, even under these hard conditions, enough has been done to gain the trust of the people. 'Passing by the market place in company with the doctor,' says a visitor who writes of the work in the 'Nineteenth Century,' 'we heard a woman, in the loud guttural tones of unmusical Arabic, saying some such words as these: "When a man falls we walk over him, but the Nazarenes pick him up."—The 'Presbyterian.'

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Good Enough.

(Emma C. Dowd, in 'Good Cheer'.)

Mrs. Carroll opened the door of the library, but seeing Irving there busy with pen and paper, she was about to retreat, when the boy called her back.

'Come in, mamma,' he said. 'I have finished my composition. Do you want to read it? I am thankful to have it done,' he added, drawing a breath of satisfaction, as he held out the paper.

The sheet presented a neat appearance, and Mrs. Carroll glanced at it with a pleased expression. This was Irving's first essay since his entrance into the high school a few weeks before. The writing of it had not been a pleasant task, for he was little accustomed to the work of composition; and now, as he began hurriedly to put his writing materials in order, he was heartily glad to feel that it was off his hands.

'It is pretty good,' said Mrs. Carroll, looking up from the paper; 'but,' she added, with a smile, 'I do think you could do better, Irving.'

The boy glanced ruefully at the sheet which his mother returned to him. His face was a bit flushed.

'Perhaps I might,' he admitted slowly; 'but what's the use? I guess it is good enough.'

'Is a piece of work really good enough unless it is as good as we are able to make it?' asked Mrs. Carroll.

Irving gazed disconsolately at his essay.

'I thought you would like it,' he said. 'I do like it. In fact, it is so good that I want you to make it better. The substance of what you have written is all right; but I think you could improve it here and there by a little cutting and a few alterations. It would read more smoothly. As it is, it shows haste. It is not as good work as you are capable of doing.'

'Well, I hurried so as to get through before three o'clock. You know I promised Harold and the other boys that I would ride over to Benton with them this afternoon, and they won't wait if I'm not there on the notch.'

Irving looked anxiously at the clock. It lacked fifteen minutes of the hour. He wished his mother would tell him to take his wheel and be off, and leave the essay as it was.

'Of course, I can write it over,' he said, at last; 'but I shall have to give up the afternoon's fun. There won't be any chance this evening, with the rehearsal, and it must be handed in Monday morning. Don't you think it will do? It isn't as if it were for a prize, you know.'

'He is a poor workman that works only for the sake of a reward,' said Mrs. Carroll. 'I should like to think my boy had a higher aim in view, and that he was unwilling to let a piece of work leave his hands until it was as good as he could make it. But I shall not insist upon your rewriting the essay. You must decide that matter for yourself.'

'I suppose you are right: you always are,' said Irving. But he said it gloomily, his eyes bent on the road that led toward Harold Dunbar's. 'Yes, I'll do it over,' he went on, with a bit of a smile that had no joy in it.

'I think you will be better satisfied with yourself,' said Mrs. Carroll, as she left

him, 'and some time you will not look back upon this afternoon as lost.'

In two hours Irving sought his mother, essay in hand. His face shone.

'I'm glad you made me go over this,' he began.

'I didn't make you do it.'

'Well, you knew I would after what you said.'

His mother smiled, and put out her hand for the paper.

'It is three times as good. See if it isn't. I should be ashamed to hand in the old one now. It does pay to take pains.'

'If you have learned that you have learned something worth while,' said Mrs. Carroll.

Irving watched her face as she read.

'It is very much improved,' she said. 'I am proud to know that you can write so well. You thought I was pretty severe; but I could not truthfully say that I was satisfied with it as it was then, and you will learn that the severest critics are often the kindest, after all. Now take your wheel and go and meet the boys, and ride back with them.'

Irving went off with a light heart. Three miles out on the Benton road he met his friends. They were clamorous to know why he had been detained.

'I stayed to work on my composition,' was the unexpected answer.

This brought forth a shout of laughter, which Irving received with good-natured smiles.

'Catch me giving up Saturday afternoon to a composition!' cried Ralph Hastings. 'I tossed mine off in an hour and a half.'

'So did I,' Irving admitted; 'but mother thought I could do better. So I stayed, and proved that she was right. Now it is as good as I can make it.'

'Humph,' said Ralph, 'I guess mine's good enough! We are not working for a prize, my boy.'

'No,' put in Harold; 'and if Irving expects to reach the 100 mark in everything, he'll be worn out before the end of four years, and never get to college.'

There were numerous jests at Irving's expense; but, as he was a favorite, all were pleasantly put, and he held his own ground.

'I have made up my mind,' said he, 'to do things as well as I know how, and you can laugh as much as you like.'

'I'm with you,' said Harold, 'for,' turning to the others, 'I'm his sworn friend, you know, and I've got to stay by him to see that he doesn't kill himself with overwork.'

The boys laughed; but Irving knew that Harold had been won over to his side.

Eight years afterward Irving Carroll and Harold Dunbar were graduated with honors from a famous university. Throughout their entire course of study the lesson of that Saturday afternoon had not been forgotten, and little work had been suffered to leave their hands until it was as good as they were able to make it.

As for Ralph Hastings, always bent on fun, whose hastily-written essay was 'good enough' for him, he slipped through the high school after a fashion, cramming for examinations, and barely saving himself at the last. But at the university, where it was his parents' ambition that he should excel, he ignominiously failed, being conditioned at the close of the first year, and dropped at the end of the second. He never went back. There are those who say that his small clerkship, with its meagre pay, is 'good enough' for him.



A DAY OFF.
'Content with thistles, from all envy free.'

The Wonderful Door.

(Extracts from a Story by Mrs. O. F. Walton, in the 'C. E. World'.)

A little boy named Nemo was listening to an open-air sermon.

'Friends,' the preacher was saying earnestly, as they came within hearing, 'friends, there it stands, that great door; and every one of you, every man, every woman, every child, amongst you, stands at this moment either on one side or the other, either inside or outside that great door. Are you outside that door? Then you are lost, you are out in the darkness and the cold; you are unsaved, unforgiven, utterly undone. Are you inside that door? Then you are saved, eternally saved. On which side of the door are you? Outside or inside? Which?'

'He means us, Abel,' said Nemo. 'Which side of the door are we?'

'Hush!' said Abel. 'Listen: I don't know what he means.'

'Look at the door again,' the speaker went on, 'so high, none can climb over it; so strong, none

can force it open. The door is shut, but it opens with a touch. The smallest knock, even the feeble knock of an old man, even the tiny knock of a little child, is heard within, and at once the great door is opened wide. Who then will lift up his hand and knock to-day? Which of you would like to be safe for all eternity? Which of you would like to see the city of God? Who would like to lie down to-night feeling he was on the road to that city?'

'I would, Abel,' whispered Nemo; 'wouldn't you?'

Afterwards Abel found Nemo knocking at the great iron gate of the lodge.

'I've been knocking, Abel, ever so hard,' he said; 'but they don't come to open it, and I've hurt my hand now. I think it can't be the right door; do you think it is? Or does he mean the door of your house?'

'I don't know what he means,' said Abel. 'I couldn't make head nor tail of it.'

Just then they met the little daughter of the preacher, and she gave Nemo a card. It was a beautiful picture of a bright golden door, standing in the midst of a high, massive wall. In the middle of the door in bright red letters were these words:—

'I AM THE DOOR;

BY ME IF ANY MAN ENTER IN,

HE SHALL BE SAVED,'

and over the top of the door was printed in large letters,—

'KNOCK, and IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU.'

The little girl tried to explain the card to him.

'I don't see how a door can talk,' said Nemo.

'Oh, it isn't a real door,' she said; 'it's Jesus, you know.'

'But it says, "I am the door,"' said Nemo.

'Yes,' but it means that Jesus lets us in. Oh, I know what it means quite well, but I can't tell it rightly. We'll ask my brother.'

The preacher led Nemo to his

home. They walked up to the great porch.

'This is my home, Nemo' he said, 'and I am going to take you into it; how must we go in?'

'By the door,' said little Nemo.

'Yes, by the door. Can we get in any other way?'

'No, the windows are too high up.'

'Then the door is the only way in, is it?'

'Yes,' said Nemo, 'the only way.'

'Now,' said the preacher, holding up a photograph, 'what is this?'

'Oh, I know,' said Nemo; 'it's the little pink lady; it's she,' he added, pointing to Elsie.

'Yes, it's I,' said little Elsie.

'But you are not made of paper and cardboard, are you, Elsie?' said her brother, laughing. 'This photograph is nothing but paper and cardboard; how can it be you, then?'

'But it is I,' said Elsie; 'at least, it's like me, isn't it?'

'Yes, that is it; it is a picture of you so like you that we say, 'That's Elsie.' Now, Nemo, you remember your picture. There stands a door, and that door is a picture, not of Elsie, but of the Lord Jesus Christ; it is so like Him that He Himself says, 'I am the door.' How is it like Him? It is like Him because of what it does, and because of what it is. What does the door do? It lets us in.

What is the door? It not only is the way in, but it is the only way. Just so the Lord Jesus lets us into the way to heaven, and He is the only way in. We must come to Him or we shall never get inside. Do you see, Nemo?'

'Yes, I see now,' said the child.

When Nemo went to bed that night, he repeated his little prayer, and then came the words, 'O Jesus Christ, you are the great door; please let me come inside. Amen.'

In the morning Nemo said to his friend:

'I knocked last night, and I knocked this morning, and I'm going on knocking till I get inside. Do you think He'll soon open the door, Abel?'

'I can't tell,' said the little man; 'you must ask Father Amos; he'll tell you a deal better than I can.'

Afterwards Nemo asked his friend Father Amos about the wonderful door.

'Abel says he doesn't know whether he's knocking or not, Father Amos,' said the child.

'It's a funny sort of knocking, then,' said the old man, 'if he can do it without his knowing about it. He knows well enough when he knocks at my door, doesn't thee, Abel?'

'Yes, Amos,' he said; 'you're right there, of course. If a fellow knocks, he must know he's knocking; and I'm glad enough that Nemo has begun to knock. But you see I've never been brought up to think of these things; it's different for me.'

'But, Abel, thee would like to get safe to thy journey's end, wouldn't thee? Thee would like to arrive at the city of God, whether thee has been brought up to walk on the road there or not, wouldn't thee, Abel?'

'Yes, Amos, yes, of course I would,' said the little man uneasily.

'Then begin knocking to-day,' said the old man.

'Yes, do, Abel,' said little Nemo.

'Well, I'll see about it,' Abel answered. 'I won't make any promises about to-day; there's plenty of time yet, and some day or other I'll think about it.'

'Do you think he will knock?' said Nemo, when he had gone.

'Maybe he will, maybe not,' said the old man sadly.

'But you think he will, don't you, Father Amos?' said the little fellow earnestly.

'I hope he may,' said the old man, 'but I'm afraid not.' Lots of folks think they're going to knock, and say they will knock, and mean to knock some day; but some day never comes, Nemo; and then the door is shut, and it's too late. That's just what I was reading in my Testament last night.'

'O, I do hope Abel won't be too late!' said the child.

As for Nemo, he constantly repeated his little prayer.

'Amos,' he said one day, 'it's a long time.'

'What's a long time, my lad?' asked the old man.

'That door,' said Nemo; 'it's a long time coming open.'

'I think it is open, Nemo' said Amos. 'The Lord's word wouldn't be true if the door was still shut. He says, 'Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' You have knocked, and so I am quite sure He has opened.'

'O Amos,' said Nemo, 'do you think I'm inside? Then what have I got to do now?'

'Just to keep in the way, dear child, till you reach the city of God.'

The Helpless Helper.

The 'Youth's Companion' tells of a newsboy who, being questioned by a benevolent old gentleman, confessed that he had not only to support himself, but a younger and crippled brother. Whereupon the old gentleman said: 'That makes it hard; you could do better alone.' And then, as the story goes.

The shabby little figure was erect in a moment, and the denial was prompt and somewhat indignant:

'No, I couldn't! Jim's somebody, to go home to; he's lots of help. What would be the good of havin' luck, if nobody was glad? or getting things, if there was nobody to divide with?'

Just Suppose.

Every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done—
Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend,
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should lend.

How many homes would sunny be
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.
—Waif.

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LESSON I.—JULY 5.

Israel Asking for a King.

I. Samuel viii., 1-10.

Golden Text.

Prepare our hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only. I. Samuel vii., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 29.—I. Sam. viii., 1-10.
 Tuesday, June 30.—Ps. cvi., 1-15.
 Wednesday, July 1.—Ps. cxviii., 1-16.
 Thursday, July 2.—I. Sam. viii., 11-22.
 Friday, July 3.—Deut. xvii., 14-20.
 Saturday, July 4.—Jas. iv., 1-10.
 Sunday, July 5.—Ps. xcv., 1-11.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. And it came to pass, when Samuel was old, that he made his sons judges over Israel.

2. Now the name of his first born was Joel; and the name of his second Abiah: they were judges in Beersheba.

3. And his sons walked not in his ways, but turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment.

4. Then all the elders of Israel gathered themselves together, and came to Samuel unto Ramah.

5. And said unto him, Behold thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations.

6. But the thing displeased Samuel, when they said, Give us a king to judge us. And Samuel prayed unto the Lord.

7. And the Lord said unto Samuel, Hearken unto the voice of the people in all that they say unto thee: for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me, that I should not reign over them.

8. According to all the works of which they have done since the day that I brought them up out of Egypt even unto this day, wherewith they have forsaken me, and served other gods, so do they also unto thee.

9. Now therefore hearken unto their voice: howbeit yet protest solemnly unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.

10. And Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked of him a king.

The story of Israel, which we again take up, is full of spiritual significance. The relation between God and the individual man is shown in the patient dealings of God, on the one hand, and the repeated failure and repenting of Israel on the other. Such material is too rich in spiritual teaching to be overlooked in presenting these lessons to your class.

'Now, all these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.' I. Corinthians x., 11.

After six months study of the life and writings of the Apostle Paul, we now return to spend the remainder of the year in the Old Testament. It may be well to recall what we studied last year, or at least, the situation in Israel as set forth in the lesson we last studied.

We left Samuel as judge, the last great judge of the people. After they had been brought through the wilderness by Moses, and had entered and taken the land under Joshua, you will remember they were ruled by judges. These judges stood as God's representatives to the people, so that they may be said to have been ruled by God himself rather than by any earthly sovereign. Such a form of government is called a theocracy.

The date of this lesson is very uncer-

tain, it being somewhere in the eleventh century before Christ. It would be well to read over the first seven chapters of I. Samuel, which read like a story. In this way you will be well prepared to follow the very interesting and eventful history of Israel which we are now entering upon.

We will suggest the following outlines:

1. Samuel's Sons Made Judges. Verses 1-3.
2. The Nation Asks for a King. 4, 5.
3. Samuel Lays the Case before the Lord. 6-9.
4. Samuel Reports to the People. 10.

'When Samuel was old.' Samuel was about sixty at this time, and no doubt found the cares of his office burdensome. He had been accustomed to judge the people in three different places, as noted above, and his own home was in a fourth, Ramah, so that the travel necessary began to make his work a burden. He therefore delegated his two sons, Joel and Abiah, to be judges. Their place of judgment was Beersheba, a town in the southern part of the land, of note as the residence of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

This action of Samuel was proper, that is, so far at least as appointing other judges. We read along with other laws, 'Judges and officers shalt thou make thee in all thy gates, which the Lord thy God giveth thee, throughout thy tribes: and they shall judge the people with just judgment.' Deuteronomy xvi., 18.

Unfortunately, however, Samuel's sons were not such men as might be expected when they had the example and counsel of such a father. They were like many public officers of our day; they looked upon their position as a means to gratify their own selfishness. They 'turned aside after lucre, and took bribes, and perverted judgment.'

Very naturally this sort of conduct brought on unrest and resentment among the people. The elders of Israel waited upon Samuel, complained of his sons, and asked for a king. Evidently Israel had great faith in the uprightness of Samuel, that they could thus go and frankly lay their complaint before him, and ask him to give them a king, who would of necessity take the place of himself and his sons.

Israel had reason to complain when justice was perverted by dishonest judges, and it was but natural and right that they should seek this peaceable means of having the wrong righted, but they asked as a remedy what was out of place. It was true that Moses had instructed them as to the kind of king they should seek when they came to ask for one, see Deuteronomy xvii., 14-20. But they were not commanded to ask for one. The occasion now before us had simply been foreseen and provided for in the law.

They wanted a king, 'like all the nations.' Though so near to God, so directly under his care, Israel was always casting longing glances at her neighbors, and now and then openly violating the law of God in order to imitate the idolaters about them. So now, they saw the pomp of kings, the glitter of courts, the splendor of royal capitals, and the power of royal armies in the nations round about, and they had a desire to imitate them.

This request displeased Samuel, but he returned no hasty and ill-considered answer. Samuel 'prayed unto the Lord.' He was not perplexed, apparently, about his duty toward his evil sons; that he may have realized very clearly at once, but what of this request for a king? He did what the wise man always does in extremity; he laid the trouble before the Lord. Not only must one be willing to pray, but he must go about it in the right spirit.

George Muller, in speaking of the way to ascertain the will of God, said, 'I seek at the beginning to get my heart into such a state that it has no will of its own in regard to a given matter. Nine-tenths of the trouble with people generally is just here. Nine-tenths of the difficulties are overcome when our hearts are ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it may be. When one is truly in this state, it is usually but a little way to the knowledge of what his will is.'

The Lord then graciously answered his aged servant, and bade him listen to this request of the people. Further, he shows Samuel the true cause for this action upon the part of the people. It was not, as Samuel may have feared, that the people were weary of him, and rejected him, but they rejected God himself. (Verse 7.)

Here is a source of comfort to many a wise and faithful Christian worker, whose words seem to fall on deaf ears. It is not himself who is rejected, but God. The failure and humiliation are at least shared, if not entirely borne, by his Lord.

God calls Samuel's attention to the conduct of Israel from the time they left Egypt until now, how they had repeatedly turned from him, and sought after idols. He then commands him to hearken to them, although he is to protest against their course. One more chance is to be given them before they are to be permitted to pursue their dangerous course. They were to be warned as to the character of the king who should rule over them.

Samuel then told the people all that God had told him. This reminds us of the child Samuel in the temple, or tabernacle, reporting to Eli all that the Lord had revealed to him concerning Eli's house. In each case he had an unpleasant message to deliver.

Israel was now approaching a revolution, not brought about by force of arms, but through the obstinate disobedience of the people. They were about to pass from the exalted plane of a nation directly ruled by God to that of one ruled by a visible earthly king, with all human weaknesses.

Next week we learn about the choice of their first king, Saul. I. Samuel x., 17-27. Read the Scripture between the lesson just studied and the one for next week.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, July 5.—Topic—Endeavorers in training for public life. Gen. xli., 38-42; Acts vii., 35, 36; Dan. vi., 1-4.

Junior C. E. Topic

SERVING OUR COUNTRY.

Monday, June 29.—Praying for it. Ex. xxxii., 30.

Tuesday, June 30.—Working for it. Isa. lxii., 1.

Wednesday, July 1.—Purifying it. Prov. xiv., 34.

Thursday, July 2.—Seeking peace. Ps. cxxii., 6-9.

Friday, July 3.—Remembering God. Ps. cxlvii., 12-14.

Saturday, July 4.—Our better country. Heb. xi., 16.

Sunday, July 5.—Topic—How a young patriot saved his country. I. Samuel xvii., 38-51.

A Contrast.

Moravian children are trained from infancy in the belief that their Church exists chiefly for the purpose of giving the Gospel to a lost world, and that every disciple must do his part, however humble. Note the result. They give one member out of every ninety-two to the foreign work, while we—the rest of Protestant Christendom—give one out of every five thousand; they send five missionaries abroad to every minister at home, while we send out one missionary to every seventy-seven ministers. We play at missions; they make it the dominant purpose of their lives.—Miss Belle M. Brain, at New Orleans Missionary Conference.

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A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal'.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The Kilgour family, who have been bereft of husband and father by a railway wreck caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer, are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son from the curse of cigarette smoking. The boy succeeds in completely deceiving them for a time, but is finally discovered to be a frequenter of the lowest dive in the tough city. At first he denies this, then brazenly admits that he was lying. His eldest brother Ralph gives him a horsewhipping. Ralph resigns his position in the hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

A systematic campaign was now begun to break Claude of his vicious habits. His pockets were searched twice a day for evidences of guilt. Every possible hiding-place about the premises was kept under eye, while Ralph undertook the unpleasant and humiliating task of visiting every place in the city where cigarettes might be procured, cautioning the owners and clerks against selling to Claude and, when necessary, threatening them with the severest penalties if caught dealing out cigarettes to minors. Willie walked to and from school with Claude, and so rigid were the restrictions placed upon the offender that he could neither escape across the river nor have any recreation or companionship outside his own home. There were many wily attempts to escape from this rigid surveillance, none of which, however, succeeded.

It was very noticeable that, cut off as he was from at least unrestricted indulgence in his habit, the abstinence was telling fearfully on him. He could no longer make even a pretense of studying; he could not remember or concentrate his mind on any subject; he could not stick to any work for five consecutive minutes. He even slept and ate by fits and starts. Willie slept with him, lest he steal away at midnight for a surreptitious smoke. It was a terrible time for the afflicted family. No tongue could utter, no pen portray the agonies endured by his poor mother, yet what were these compared with those that followed?

One November morning Willie fainted at the blackboard, as he was attempting to demonstrate a problem in geometry. The boy had not been well for a fortnight, and ere nightfall the Kilgour house had been turned into a silent hospital, with a white-capped nurse in charge, for the three eminent physicians in consultation had agreed that the case was typhoid fever of the most aggravated form.

'I have handled many cases of this type,' gravely spoke Dr. Fleming, 'and have read the end from the first glance. They don't usually last a week.'

The doctor's colleagues, though more reserved, were evidently doubtful of the outcome, and the anxious family read no message of encouragement in the eyes of Dr. Meredith, the physician retained in charge.

'Billy, Billy boy,' sobbed Ralph, at the bedside where he watched all the long night, 'look at me; I've something to tell you! O Willie, I want you to know what I've found—I've found Jesus.'

But Willie turned unseeing eyes on the kneeling figure and all the while muttered a Latin conjugation.

Ralph seized the burning hand of the sick boy. 'Willie, listen, you must live; you must, you must. You and I have so

much to do. Oh, I have wasted all these years, and you must live to help me make them up. See; I am going to pray now for you to be spared to us.' And still clasping the unconscious fevered hand the young man's stalwart frame shook with emotion as his voice rose in earnest supplication to the Most High.

The events of the past year had wonderfully developed the womanly character of little Alice. Gradually, in the pressure of greater interests, she exchanged the girlish vanities for the 'things which matter.' Both she and her mother consecrated themselves afresh to Christ's service. During these dark days all the deepest wells of filial love had been aroused on her frail little mother's behalf, and it became an absorbing passion with her to place, whenever possible, her vigorous young self between her mother and every fresh grief or heartbreak. When Willie became ill she left the office to care for the household, in order to allow her mother to spend more time in the sick room. She endeavored to fill the breach caused by Willie's illness in the matter of guarding and watching Claude. As a detective she proved herself the better man of the two, and Claude found it impossible to elude her vigilance or to deceive her by any of the arts in which he had become past master. It is impossible to describe the absolute cunning and inexhaustible resources of a cigarette fiend. They can only be likened to the wiles of a confirmed opium-eater.

In less than a fortnight's time Alice discovered that her brother had been smoking. It was to be presumed, for that matter, that he had never ceased, in case he had found opportunity, but he had managed for some time to cover up proofs. He now fell into a frenzy of terror and implored Alice not to tell Ralph. Alice deemed it best, in this instance, to inform her mother, who talked to Claude and succeeded in genuinely touching his feelings, though he had often before hypocritically manifested the sincerest penitence. He also spoke more freely of the habit which enslaved him, for the first time admitting the chains which bound him. Always before he had avowed that he could stop when he liked, and had declared his determination that this particular relapse should be his last. With sobs and groans he now told his mother that he had begun the habit nearly a year before his father's death, and when at that time remorse impelled him to try to stop, he was overwhelmed to find what a struggle he was enduring. This accounted for his nervous outbreaks and strange demeanor at that sad time. 'And, O mother, if I had only persevered then, the worst would have been over. I didn't smoke for a whole month, and had got nearly cured. I have never even wanted to stop very badly since that. I don't want to now. It seems as if I don't care about anything as I used to. Lately I've had scarcely any chance to get at it, and besides I feel as awful as I can feel about anything on account of Willie. I'm afraid, too, of Ralph's whipping me, but all these things together don't hinder me when I get a chance. I wish you'd shut me up right now, when I feel like this; I'm sorry now, and I do want to stop.'

Incredible to relate, after the doctors' dictum, Willie did not die within the week, or the month. Instead he survived a six weeks' course of fever, and regained the feeble consciousness of first convalescence. But he was so very weak, so utterly emaciated and lifeless that the anxious watchers did not even then dare to cherish much hope. By his own entreaties Claude was taken from school, as he was making absolutely no progress. Ralph sternly refused to accede to his pleadings to be allowed to find something to do.

'No, Claude, not until this habit is broken, but we'll burn wood in the furnace this winter, and you can have a job at sawing and splitting. Idleness would be the worst thing for you, but we will pay you by the cord at regular prices, and lay the money away to your credit.'

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence

Dear Boys and Girls,—School is over, and your holidays have come. We hope you will enjoy the summer and send us letters telling of your picnics and your other pleasures.

Some of you, no doubt, have been rewarded for your hard work, or natural ability, or for both, by prizes and certificates and the congratulations of your elders and school-fellows. We also are glad of your success, and we hope you will use the influence which boys and girls at the head of their classes have by giving your voice on the right side (as far as you can judge) of every question.

Do you remember what David said about the man who loved God's law? He said he should be successful in all that he undertook, did he not? But what about you who have been disappointed and 'failed'—although you have been trying to do your best work? You may not have been successful in getting enough marks for a prize, but surely that was not your chief object. Your aim was to do your work well and faithfully, and if you have succeeded in that yours is success indeed.

We often fail to understand success when it is reached through disappointment. Suppose you could have spoken to one of the caterpillars this spring in its own language, and told it that it would some day be a butterfly flitting from flower to flower and sipping honey from roses and lilacs; do you think it would have believed you when it found itself bound round with many little cords and lying helpless. I think not. You might have watched it eagerly day after day until it began to come out of its shroud, and after a long struggle when the little creature was at liberty, if you understood its language, you might have heard it say, as it flew away to the joys of its new life, 'It was quite true. They said I would become a butterfly, and so I have, but not in the way I expected.'

Now, suppose, again, that your teachers had decided to give you a much better prize for one of your subjects than for any other, I think you would all try specially for that prize. But there is a higher prize than any you can get in school by high marks, and that is to do the will of God; the reward, you see, is wrapped up in the action. We all think it is very nice for you to get prizes and honorable mention for your year's work, but I want you to remember that the 'prize of the high calling' makes all your success brighter, and when outward acknowledgments of your work are not forthcoming, even then—and don't forget it—you are by no means without a 'prize.'

YOUR LOVING EDITOR.

Bayswater, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many interesting letters in the 'Messenger,' it encouraged me to write also. I will give you a brief description of the place where I live. It is a small village situated on the Kennebekasis river. We have a nice view of two bays, Kennebekasis and South Bay; we also have a view of the St. John River. This is a great summer resort. I think the 'Northern Messenger' a lovely paper, and enjoy the reading very much. I am fond of reading, and have read a great many books. I like to go to school, and am in the eighth grade.

VIOLA A. C. (age 13).

Burwell Road, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and I like it very much. I am sending a true story of a narrow escape my grandpa had from drowning when he was a boy of fourteen years. The winter of 1842-43 was a very hard one. The snow came in November and it lasted until April. When it melted it caused a flood. The bridge across the Thames river at Delaware, Ont., was swept

away. The people of Delaware West were in the habit of attending church in Delaware village. On Easter morning (I think it was the 16th of April) the minister, who lived in Delaware West, wished to have service as usual, but did not know how to get across, the bridge being gone. Finally some men got an old scow, and when grandpa got to the river (he, not knowing that the bridge was gone, had started to church as usual), he found fifteen persons there ready to embark on the scow. Grandpa did not think it was safe, but as he was only a boy, and others were men, he did not like to be thought cowardly, so went with the rest. They crossed safely and had all gone to church, perhaps would have returned without accident. When they were ready to return, the managers did not go far enough up stream in starting, and in a few minutes the swift current swept the scow against a willow tree, upsetting it, and plunging the passengers into the icy water. They all managed to grasp some of the limbs of the willow, and draw themselves up. But their weight caused the tree to bend, so that they soon were partly in the water, and they were afraid that the tree would pull out by the roots. A man with a canoe came to rescue them, and took one man to another tree farther down the river. This man, in his haste to get into the canoe, upset the canoe, thus throwing the rescuer into the water, and sending the canoe whirling down the river. The rescuer, however, climbed into the tree. Fortunately, he had a bed-cord in his pocket, one end of which he fastened to the tree that he was in, and threw the other end to the men in the willow. It was made fast there, and the men managed, one by one, to get along the rope to the other tree. There was a very cold wind blowing, and they were all suffering terribly. When grandpa got across to the tree, he was so numb, that he could not get into it, so he wound the rope around his wrists, and the man drew him up. He then bound himself fast to the tree with a woollen muffler that he had around his neck. There was no boat nearer than Kilworth, a distance of three miles. As soon as possible after the scow upset, someone drove for a boat. Before it arrived, four of the sufferers had dropped into the water. In the meantime the villagers had gathered on the bank, and the men made a raft which they floated out as far as they could and fastened to some shrubs, so that when the boat took the men from the tree they were placed on the raft, and thus got off more quickly. It was three hours and ten minutes from the time the scow upset until the last man was taken from the tree. The men all lived, excepting the four who dropped from the tree into the water, although several of them never fully recovered. Grandpa, however, though he suffered for a long time, grew to be a strong man. He is still living, and is in his seventy-fifth year. He told me this himself.

GLADYS P. (age 12).

Derby Junction, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have two grandmas, one grandpa and a great-grandma living. I am a little girl eleven years old. We go to church and Sunday-school at Newcastle nearly every Sunday. We live three and a half miles from there. I also attend day school. I have taken the 'Messenger' for nearly a year, and we all enjoy it very much, especially the 'Little Folks Page' and 'Correspondence.' This place is situated between and joining the North-west and South-west Miramichi rivers. Last summer the Government put a new bridge over the North-west Miramichi, and we expect one on the other river this summer. My studies are arithmetic, geography, British history, Canadian history, natural history, grammar, health reader, reading, botany and book-keeping. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is the same as mine, Nov. 26.

ETHEL M. A.

Cobourg, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and I enjoy reading it very much. We live at a pretty summer resort on Lake Ontario, but we only moved here about eight months ago. We came from

Ridgway, Pennsylvania, where I had lived about six years. My father is a minister. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I enjoyed reading the letter from Elsie May G., because she lives in Los Angeles, and I am sorry she cannot enjoy the fun the Canadian children have in Canada in the winter. It is just the reverse here, as we have all the apples we want to eat for almost nothing, or nothing at harvest time, and we pay 30 cents, 40 cents, and often 60 cents a dozen for oranges. I would like to hear from Elsie again, as she lives so far 'down south.'

LAURA ALICE S.

P.S.—My little sister's birthday is on Dec. 5. She is five years old. The same day as Olga's.—L. A. S.

Knowlton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bible which you sent me. It is very pretty. Thank you for it.

RUTH E. H.

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The following are the contents of the issue of June 13, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Zollverein Proposal.—'The Morning Post,' London.
American Views of Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals.—'The Nation,' New York; 'New York Journal of Commerce,' the Boston 'Herald'; the Philadelphia 'Public Ledger,' and the New York 'Mail and Express.'
Australian Naval Defence.—By 'Seamen,' in the Australian 'Review of Reviews.'
The Banishment of Prominent Plans.—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
London Education Bill.—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Princess of Wales's Tact.—The 'Westminster Budget.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Record Art Sale.—'The Daily Telegraph,' London.
J. M. W. Turner.—By Stopford Brooke, in 'The Pilot,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Sick Child.—Poem, by Katherine Tynan, in 'The Spectator.'
From the Portuguese.—Poem by Ella Fuller Maitland, in the 'Westminster Budget.'
Max O'Rell.—'T. P.'s Weekly.'
An Inordinate Saint.—'The Spectator,' London.
The Lesson of Wordsworth.—'The Pilot,' London.
The Temple of Everything.—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News,' London.
A Burgher Quixote.—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London, and Andrew Lang, in 'The Morning Post,' London.
Woe MacGregor.—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Samuel Pepys.—The Manchester 'Guardian' and H. B. Marriott Watson, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Concerning Eels.—By Claudius Clear, in the 'British Weekly.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Forest Retention and National Life.—By Maud Going, in the New York 'Evening Post.'
A New Story of Sir William Jenner.—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Home Nursing.

THE BED, CHANGING SHEETS, ETC.

('Light in the House.')

What should be the position of a bed in a sick-room? This must, of course, depend a little upon the shape of the room. But in any case try to arrange that the sick person should never lie facing the light; it is most trying to his eyes. If possible, the bed should be in a corner of the room, with the windows to the left or right side of it, and it is better for nursing purposes that it should not be against a wall. You can make a patient much more comfortable, and keep him so, if you can get all round him. The less you have about the bed stuffy and woolly the better. Valences and curtains are all dust-traps—much better do without them; and, above all, have nothing under the bed, and be sure the floor underneath it is well wiped over every day with a duster wrung out in carbolic. The covering over a sick person should be light and yet warm. A heavy quilt is a great mistake—it allows of no ventilation. Sheets, warm blankets, and for outside looks a linen quilt, are the most healthy coverings.

It is very important to keep a patient's bed as clean and comfortable as possible, and as smooth. Nothing is more miserable than to lie in bed and feel the sheet is all rucked up and prickly with crumbs! Also, there is a risk that in this way a patient may get a sore back, a thing which every good nurse dreads. If you have a patient who is entirely confined to bed, it is well in the morning and evening—and, if he is very restless, at other times also—to tidy his bed for him—thus: Untuck the upper bed-clothes and fold them back for a moment; then take hold of the under sheet and pull it perfectly straight and smooth, at the same time brushing from under the patient any crumbs you may find. Draw his pillow gently from under his head and beat it up well, doing this away from the bed, lest you should jar him.

When a patient is very ill, it is generally best to have a draw-sheet and mackintosh under him. By a draw-sheet I mean a small sheet about the size of a cot sheet, which you will put into the bed crossway, so that it comes under the patient's back and buttocks. The mackintosh will be under the draw-sheet. It is a good plan to pin both with big safety pins to the mattress on either side of the bed; they are less liable to ruck up. A draw-sheet should be taken out and shaken at least once a day, if the sick person is strong enough to bear it.

How to put in a clean draw-sheet needs a little explanation. If the patient can be moved, roll him gently to one side of the bed. Fold your clean draw-sheet, leaving unfolded as much as will go over half the bed. Untuck the soiled sheet, and roll it against the patient's back. Place the folded part of the clean sheet also against his back; tuck in the clean unfolded portion. Now roll your patient back to the other side of the bed upon the clean sheet; then go round and pull away the soiled sheet, at the same time pulling through the clean folded portion. If the patient is too ill to be moved, someone must lift him whilst you pull away the soiled and put in the clean draw-sheet.

For changing the under sheet of a bed the same rule applies, only in this case you will fold your clean sheet lengthways. Untuck the soiled sheet from the bolster on the side furthest from the patient; roll the soiled portion against his back. Roll the clean sheet round the bolster and also against his back; then, bringing him over to the clean side of the bed, pull the sheets, both soiled and clean, through on the other side. Another way of putting in a clean under sheet is from top to bottom of the bed, instead of from

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side to side. Fold your clean sheet now the narrowest way of the sheet, leaving enough unfolded to go round the bolster. Untuck the soiled sheet from the bolster, holding up the patient's head meanwhile; roll the dirty sheet down underneath him. Roll the bolster into the clean sheet; then roll the soiled and clean sheets down the bed, getting someone to help you to lift the patient as you do so. To put on a clean upper sheet untuck the soiled sheet all round the bed; lay the clean one on the top of it, and holding this, draw the soiled one quickly away. Do not allow any soiled linen to remain in the sick-room.

The Mother.

In far meridians go and come
The proud men-children she has borne;
Safely her fancies follow them
In ways by ancient heroes worn.

Alone she sits beside her fire,—
Her thought flies forth to west, to east,
Under the forest, o'er the plain,
And finds the soldier, finds the priest.

Their feet returning make her glad
Year after year. She knows their part
To thrust the mighty world along,
And follows them with half her heart.

But heart and soul go out to him,
The lad she sees but when she sleeps,—
The lad by many waters called,
Rocked on some topmast o'er the deeps.

She basks in sunny leagues of blue,
She shivers with the roaring storms,
And wreck and ruin, white and wan,
Fill her dark night with ghostly forms.

Wide-winged her love broods over him
On unknown tides, beneath strange
signs,
The fellow of the whistling winds,
Ranger of waste and boundless lines.

For him she fills those lines with life
Large as his lavish liberty
Who for his freehold only reaps
The bitter tilth of the salt sea.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

How to Chose a Wife.

To such a degree did P. D. Armour practice faith in heredity and home training that he chose the girl whom he made his wife by first seeking the acquaintance of a mother who came up to his ideals. Having found the mother he was satisfied in advance that 'any one of the daughters would do.' He told the story himself one day as he was congratulating one of his favorite employees on his approaching wedding:

'You've got a good girl and I know it, though I never saw her. I know her parents, and they're fine. She's sure to be all right, for she has a good mother. That's the way I picked out my wife. I looked around a long time for a good mother with daughters, and I found her down in Cincinnati. I went down there and picked out the youngest and prettiest of the girls. Then I went to her mother and told her that I meant to marry her daughter. My frankness to her mother rather scared the girl at first, and she seemed quite afraid

of me. But when she found out that I wasn't such a bad fellow she said "yes," and we were married. And you may be sure we have been happy. She couldn't help but be a good wife and mother, for her own mother was both.'

Miss Malvina Ogden, daughter of Jonathan Ogden, of Cincinnati, was the girl whom P. D. Armour thus won. They were married in October, 1862, and have had two children—P. D. Armour, Jr., who died last spring, and J. O. Armour.—Chicago 'Record.'

Selected Recipes

Apple Soup.—Boil four quarts of water. Add three tablespoonfuls of rice and let it boil thirty minutes. Add two quarts of apples pared and cored, and boil five minutes. Add a spoonful of wheat flour, stir and boil one minute. Sweeten to the taste with syrup or sugar, and eat warm, with bread or crusts. It is good, cheap, and healthful.

Furniture Polish.—A recipe for a very superior furniture polish given by a dealer in musical instruments to a housewife as the cause for the shining surfaces of the pianos in his rooms consists of four tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and ten drops of household ammonia. This polish must be thoroughly shaken before using and applied with an old flannel or silk cloth. Rub briskly and thoroughly, which is at least a third of the merit of all polishes. Use a second cloth to rub the mixture into the grain of the wood and a third for the final polish.—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Roasted Spanish Onions.—Wash thoroughly in cold water as many large Spanish onions as required. Do not peel them; put them in a saucepan with enough cold water to cover them. Stand them over the fire and let them simmer gently for two hours; then lift them one at a time from the water with a skimmer; place them in a baking dish, pull the skins off, season them with a light sprinkling of red pepper and plenty of salt. Put a tablespoonful of butter on top of each onion, cover them well with fine bread crumbs and stand them in a quick oven and let them roast until a rich brown over the top; then serve in the dish in which they are roasted.

PATENT REPORT.

The following is a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and U.S. Governments, secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Canada—81,272, James Millar, Lyn, Ont., seed marker; 81,283, George Laporte, St. Felix de Valois, Que., acetylene gas generator; 81,301, Frank R. Millar, Port Arthur, Ont., musical instrument.

United States—726,557, Felix Mesnard, New Glasgow, Que., vehicle wheel, 726,768, Francis Octave Schryburt, Quebec, Que., sole-blocking machine; 727,633, John M. Humphreys, Trenton, N.S., Electric baseball register; 727,647, Murray D. Lewis, Sydney River, C.B., self-mitring cornice-mould.

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